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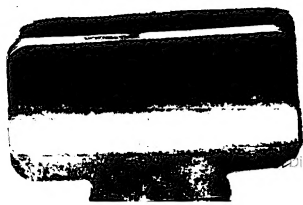
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Sanctus

**PARAPHRASES AND TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE GREEK**



PARAPHRASES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK

BY THE
EARL OF CROMER

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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PREFACE

I HAVE at times amused myself by endeavouring to render into English verse some of the epigrams of the Greek Anthology, and other pieces. It may possibly amuse others to read them. I have therefore, after much hesitation, decided to publish them.

The epigrams are, with a very few exceptions, selected from Mr. Mackail's *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*. The classification and, in the great majority of cases, the title of each epigram are also borrowed from Mr. Mackail.

In making the translations from Theocritus and Moschus, I have used principally Kiessling's edition (London and Cambridge, 1829).

My very limited knowledge of Greek¹ would

¹ I was not taught Greek at school, and should probably have remained in complete ignorance of the language all my life had it not been for the accident that, when I first obtained a commission in the army in 1858, I was sent to

not, however, have permitted me to have undertaken any translations into verse, had I not been assisted by the excellent prose translations, in the case of the Anthology, of Mr. Mackail, and in the case of Theocritus and Moschus, of Mr. Andrew Lang.

As to the difficulty of translation, I cannot do better than quote from a letter of Mr. Mackail's. "What I think one always feels," Mr. Mackail wrote to me, "about translations from the Greek at the present day, is the extraordinary difficulty of retaining what (for want of a better word) may be called the dignity of the original, which is as marked a quality of Greek writing as its inimitable ease. It always remained, even when used by weak hands for trivial purposes, the language of Homer and Simonides ; it went on wearing its robes with a certain high simplicity, even in the time of decay."

Even in far more skilled hands than my own the difficulty either of translating or of paraphrasing is, in fact, very great. Most of my versions are paraphrases rather than translations.

I have endeavoured to avoid the use of ornate

Corfu. There I acquired a fair colloquial knowledge of modern Greek. Being attracted by the language, I then learnt a certain amount of ancient Greek. In subsequent years I kept up the study, though after a very desultory fashion.

language. One of the many beauties of Greek poetry is its simplicity.

I beg any one who may do me the honour of glancing at this little volume to bear in mind that it is not the work of a scholar, or of even a very minor poet, but that of a Government official who, during the leisure moments of a somewhat busy life, has dabbled a little in Greek literature, and has occasionally amused himself by making verses—which is not always the same thing as writing poetry.

I have to acknowledge the valuable help I have received in the shape of suggestions and criticisms from several friends—notably from Mr. C. L. Graves, Mr. Mackail, and Mr. Harold Perry.

CROMER.

LONDON, *August* 1903.

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ANTHOLOGY

8

I
LOVE

I

PRELUDE

POSIDIPPUS

Κεκροπὶ ραῖνε λάγυνε πολύδροσον ἱκμάδα Βάκχου,
 ραῖνε, δροσιζέσθω συμβολικὴ πρόποσις·
 σιγάσθω Ζήνων ὁ σοφὸς κύκνος, ἃ τε Κλεάνθους
 μούσα· μέλοι δ' ἡμῖν ὁ γλυκύπικρος Ἔρως.

LET the jar of Athens drip,
 Drench the feast as though with dew,
 Here let each the wine-cup sip,
 Boon companions, blithe and true.
 Swan-like Zeno holds his peace,
 Stoic verse gains no esteem,
 Here our song shall never cease,
 Sweetly-bitter Love the theme.

III

LOVE'S SWEETNESS

NOSSIS

ἄδιον οὐδὲν ἔρωτος, ἂ δ' ὄλβια, δεύτερα πάντα
 ἐστίν· ἀπὸ στόματος δ' ἔπτυσσεν καὶ τὸ μέλι·
 τοῦτο λέγει Νοσσίς· τίνα δ' ἂ Κύπρις οὐκ ἐφίλασεν,
 οὐκ οἶδεν κήνας τάνθεα ποῖα ῥόδα.

PRETTY Nossis vows that she
 Spurns the honey of the bee,
 But that Cupid can distil
 Sweets the cup of joy to fill.
 Whom Venus hates can never know
 What roses in her garden grow.

IV

LOVE AND THE SCHOLAR

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

*Ἑσιόδου ποτὲ βιβλον ἐμαῖς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἐλίσσων
 Πύρρην ἐξαπλῆς εἶδον ἐπερχομένην·
 βιβλον δὲ ῥίψας ἐπὶ γῆν χερὶ, ταῦτ' ἐβόησα·
 ἔργα τί μοι παρέχεις, ὦ γέρον Ἑσιόδε;*

As over Hesiod's page I pore,
 Comes tripping in my lovely Katie.
 I fling the book upon the floor,
 And cry, "Old Hesiod, how I hate ye!"

V

THE REVELLER

MELEAGER

βεβλήσθω κύβος· ἄπτε· πορεύσομαι· ἡνίδε τόλμα.
 οἶνοβαρές, τίν' ἔχεις φροντίδα; κωμάσομαι.
 κωμάσομαι; πῇ θυμὲ τρέπη; τί δ' ἔρωτι λογισμός;
 ἄπτε τάχος. ποῦ δ' ἡ πρόσθε λόγων μελέτη;
 ἐρρίφθω σοφίας ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν μόνον οἶδα
 τοῦθ', ὅτι καὶ Ζηνὸς λῆμα καθεῖλεν Ἔρως.

CAST the dice, away I'll hie !

Whither, reveller, tell me whither ?

Where my Lesbia's laughing eye

Calls to love, I'll hie me thither.

Study wastes the fleeting hour,

Wisdom is but toil and pain,

Zeus himself felt Cupid's power,

Love secured him with his chain.

VI

LOVE AND WINE

RUFINUS

*ὥπλισμαι πρὸς Ἔρωτα περὶ στέρνοισι λογισμόν,
 οὐδέ με νικήσει, μῶνος ἐὼν πρὸς ἕνα,
 θνατὸς δ' ἀθανάτῳ συστήσομαι· ἦν δὲ βοηθὸν
 Βάκχον ἔχῃ, τί μόνος πρὸς δύ' ἐγὼ δύναμαι ;*

WITH Reason armed, I'll conquer Love,
 And bid a single god defiance.
 If Bacchus now my foe should prove,
 I'll yield me to the twin alliance.

II

VII

VIII

A KISS WITHIN THE CUP

AGATHIAS

εἰμὶ μὲν οὐ φιλόοινος· ὅταν δ' ἐθέλῃς με μεθύσσαι,
 πρῶτα σὺ γενομένη πρόσφερε καὶ δέχομαι·
 εἰ γὰρ ἐπιψαύσεις τοῖς χείλεσιν, οὐκέτι νήφειν
 εὐμαρές, οὐδὲ φυγεῖν τὸν γλυκὺν οἶνοχόον·
 πορθμεύει γὰρ ἔμοιγε κύλιξ παρὰ σοῦ τὸ φίλημα,
 καί μοι ἀπαγγέλλει τὴν χάριν ἣν ἔλαβεν.

I DRINK no wine, but bow to thy command,
 Yet give me first the cup from thy dear hand.
 If, having tasted, thou should'st then draw nigh,
 So sweet a cup-bearer I cannot fly.
 From thine own lips the cup will draw its bliss,
 And serve to bear from thee to me a kiss.

IX

LOVE'S DRINK

MELEAGER

τὸ σκύφος ἡδὺν γέγηθε, λέγει δ' ὅτι τὰς φιλέρωτος
 Ζηνοφίλας ψαύει τοῦ λαλιῶ στόματος,
 ὄλβιον· εἴθ' ἵπ' ἐμοῖς νῦν χεῖλεσι χεῖλεα θεῖσα
 ἀπνευστὶ ψυχὰν τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ προπίοι.

ΑΗ ! Cup of sweetness, lasting joy is thine,
 My love's own honeyed mouth has given thee bliss !
 Would that she now would join her lips to mine,
 And drain my very soul in one long kiss !

I CHASE wild Love ; at earliest morn
He flies away with bow and quiver,
At times he's tearful and forlorn,
Then changes as the shimmering river.
He's fearless, chattering, quick and sly,
His arrows adamant would pierce,
He's hot, he's cold, he's pert, he's shy,
And all at once he's mild and fierce.
Whose son is he? Both Heaven and Earth,
And loud-resounding Ocean's wave,
Vow that they ne'er have given birth
To one who makes the world a slave.
The hateful boy ! But have a care !
His deadly arrow swiftly flies.
I see him now. He's lurking there !
He's ambushed in my Zoe's eyes !

XI

LOVE'S SYMPATHY

CALLIMACHUS

ἔλκος ἔχων ὁ ξεῖνος ἐλάνθανεν· ὡς ἀνιηρόν
 πνεῦμα διὰ στηθέων, εἶδες, ἀνηγάγετο.
 τὸ τρίτον ἡνίδ' ἔπινε, τὰ δὲ ῥόδα φυλλοβολεῦντα
 τῶνδρὸς ἀπὸ στεφάνων πάντ' ἐχέοντο χαμαί·
 ὥπτηται μέγα δὴ τι· μὰ δαίμονας οὐκ ἀπὸ ῥυσμοῦ
 εἰκάζω, φωρὸς δ' ἵχνια φῶρ ἔμαθον.

He drained two full beakers with many a sigh,
And nervously clutched a third brimmer before him,
There was madness and rage in the glance of his eye,
He'd not have been known by the mother who bore him.
I knew not the wound, but I guessed at the cause
When he flung from his garland the roses and leaves,
Oft wounded by Cupid, I've bowed to his laws,
Set a cunning old thief on the track of the thieves.

“FAREWELL!” I murmur, and then hold my breath,
 Whilst, fondly lingering, by thy side I stay,
I shrink from parting as from cruel Death,
 Thy light is glorious as the summer’s day.
But day, though glorious, cannot tune a voice
 To soothe my troubles or enchant my ear,
Whilst thy sweet Siren notes my soul rejoice
 With music such as lovers yearn to hear.

XIII

AT COCKCROW

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

ὄρθρος ἔβη, Χρύσιλλα, πάλαι δ' ἠῶος ἀλέκτωρ
 κηρύσσων φθονερὴν Ἑριγένειαν ἄγει·
 ὀρνίθων ἔρροις φθονερώτατος, ὅς με διώκεις
 οἴκοθεν εἰς πολλοὺς ἡιθέων ὁάρους.
 γηράσκεις Τιθωνέ· τί γὰρ σὴν εὐνέτιν Ἥῳ
 οὕτως ὀοθριδίην ἤλασας ἐκ λεχέων ;

THE dawn, my love, stalks on in mantle grey,
 The envious cock proclaims the birth of day.
 Thy haste, Tithonus, serves too well to prove
 Thou hast grown old, and carest no more for love,
 Thou chasest lovely Dawn with rosy fingers
 From out thy couch whilst night still softly lingers.

XIV

WAITING

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

δηθύνει Κλεοφάντις· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἄρχεται ἤδη
 λύχνος ὑποκλάζειν ἦκα μαραινόμενος·
 αἶθε δὲ καὶ κραδίας πυρσὸς συναπέσβετο λύχνῳ,
 μηδὲ μ' ὑπ' ἀγρύπνοις δηρὸν ἔκαιε πόθοις.
 ἂ πόσα τὴν Κυθέρειαν ἐπώμοσεν ἔσπερος ἥξειν·
 ἀλλ' οὔτ' ἀνθρώπων φείδεται οὔτε θεῶν.

CLEANTHE lingers, though the beckoning fire,
 Rekindled, dies again and yet again.
 Would that I too could quench my heart's desire,
 And cast her image from my wakeful brain!
 She swore full many a pretty Paphian oath
 To keep the trysting ; then she breaks her troth.

XVI

THE SCORNFUL LOVER

ASCLEPIADES

Νύξ, σὲ γὰρ οὐκ ἄλλην μαρτύρομαι, οἷά μ' ὑβρίζει
 Πυθιάς ἢ Νικοῦς οὔσα φιλεξαπάτης,
 κληθεὶς οὐκ ἄκλητος ἐλήλυθα· ταῦτ' αὖ παθοῦσα
 σοὶ μέμψαιτ' ἐπ' ἐμοῖς στᾶσά ποτε προθύροις.

SHE bade me come, the traitress fair,
 O Night, and now she dares to flout me !
 Some day she'll crave my love. I swear
 That then she'll have to go without me !

XVII

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

AGATHIAS

ἦ ῥά γε καὶ σύ, Φίλινα, φέρεις πόθον, ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ
 κάμνεις αὐαλέοις ὄμμασι τηκομένη ;
 ἦ σὺ μὲν ὕπνον ἔχεις γλυκερώτατον, ἡμετέρης δὲ
 φροντίδος οὔτε λόγος γίνεται οὔτ' ἀριθμός ;
 εὐρήσεις τὰ ὅμοια, τεὴν δ', ἀμέγαρτε, παρειὴν
 ἀθρήσω θαμινοῖς δάκρυσι τεγγομένην·
 Κύπρις γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα παλὺγκοτος, ἐν δέ τι καλὸν
 ἔλλαχεν, ἐχθαίρειν τὰς σοβαρευόμενας.

PHILINNA, dost thou waste and pine,
Though tearless are those lovely eyes?
Or is refreshing slumber thine,
And dost thou scoff at lovers' sighs?
Thou too shalt weep, my haughty dame,
Thou too shalt feel the hand of Fate.
Venus can this one virtue claim,
The scornful fair incurs her hate.

XVIII
AMANTIUM IRAE

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

δικλίδας ἀμφετίναξεν ἐμοῖς Γαλάτεια προσώποις
 ἔσπερος, ὑβριστὴν μῦθον ἐπενξαμένη.
 ὕβρις ἔρωτας ἔλυσε· μάτην ὅδε μῦθος ἀλᾶται·
 ὕβρις ἐμὴν ἐρέθει μᾶλλον ἐρωμανίην·
 ὥμοσα γὰρ λυκάβαντα μένειν ἀπάνευθεν ἐκείνης,
 ὦ πόποι, ἀλλ' ἰκέτης πρώϊος εὐθὺς ἔβην.

My mistress cast me forth at eventide,
 Upbraiding me with words of scornful pride.
 Who says, "Scorn quenches Love," I call a liar,
 My lady's scorn inflames my own desire.
 I swore for a full year to stay away,
 Then sued for pardon at the break of day !

XIX

FLOWN LOVE

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Μήνη χρυσόκερως δέρκη τάδε καὶ πυριλαμπεῖς
 ἀστέρες οὖς κόλποις Ὀκεανὸς δέχεται,
 ὥς με μόνον προλιποῦσα μυρόπνοος ᾤχετ' Ἀρίστη,
 ἐκταίην δ' εὐρεῖν τὴν μάγον οὐ δύναμαι·
 ἀλλ' ἔμπης αὐτὴν ζητήσομεν· ἦ ῥ' ἐπιπέμψω
 Κύπριδος ἰχνευτὰς ἀργυρέους σκύλακας.

THOU Moon, that beam'st on many a lover !
 Ye Stars that sink in Ocean's bed !
 All things ye must perforce discover,
 Ye know that my Ariste's fled.
 'Tis six days since the fairy left me,
 Yet still I strive to bring her back,
 Of one chance she has not bereft me,
 Love's silvery hounds are on her track.

XX

MOONLIGHT

PHILODEMUS

νυκτερινή, δίκερως, φιλοπάννυχε φαῖνε Σελήνη,
 φαῖνε, δι' εὐτρήτων βαλλομένη θυρίδων·
 αὔγαζε χρυσέην Καλλίστιον· ἐς τὰ φιλεύντων
 ἔργα κατοπτεύειν οὐ φθόνος ἀθανάτη.
 ὀλβίζεις καὶ τήνδε καὶ ἡμέας, οἶδα, Σελήνη,
 καὶ γὰρ σὴν ψυχὴν ἔφλεγεν Ἐνδυμίων.

SHINE, twy-horned Lady of the Night, shine on !
 Grace with thy light the fair Callistion,
 Pour down thy silvery moonbeams from above,
 And shed thy glory on our mutual love.
 Immortal, thou mayest gaze and feel no shame,
 Endymion set thine own fair soul aflame.

XXI

ROSE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*εἶθε ῥόδον γενόμην ὑποπόρφυρον, ὄφρα με χερσὶν
ἀρσαμένη χάριση στήθεσι χιονέοις.*

O THAT I were a red rose, and might know
The grace of resting on thy breast of snow.

XXII

LOVE THE GAMBLER

MELEAGER

*ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισιν ὁ νήπιος ὀρθρινὰ παίζων
 ἀστραγάλοις τοῦμὸν πνεῦμ' ἐκύβευσεν Ἔρως.*

Love, lying on his mother's lap,
 Though still a babe, with dice did play.
 E'en then he wrought me this mishap—
 He cast, and played my life away.

XXIII
DRIFTING

MELEAGER

*κῦμα τὸ πικρὸν Ἔρωτος ἀκοίμητοί τε πνέοντες
Ζῆλοι καὶ κόμων χειμέριον πέλαγος,
ποῖ φέρομαι ; πάντῃ δὲ φρενῶν οἶακες ἀφείνται·
ἢ πάλι τὴν τρυφερὴν Σκύλλαν ἐποψόμεθα.*

HITHER and thither am I cast
By Love's fell wave. A jealous blast
At times blows hard, and then I shift
My sails, or let the vessel drift.
Tossed on a wintry sea of drink,
I know not if I float or sink.
I have no helm to guide my way,
Scylla stands waiting for her prey.

XXIV

LOVE'S RELAPSES

MELEAGER

ψυχὴ δυσδάκρυτε, τί σοι τὸ πεπανθὲν Ἔρωτος
 τραῦμα διὰ σπλάγχνων αὐθις ἀναφλέγεται ;
 μή, μὴ πρὸς σε Διός, μὴ πρὸς Διός, ὦ φιλάβουλε,
 κινήσης τέφρῃ πῦρ ὑπολαμπόμενον·
 αὐτίκα γάρ, λήθαργε κακῶν, πάλιν εἴ σε φυγοῦσαν
 λήψεται Ἔρωτος, εὐρῶν δραπέτιν αἰκίσεται.

INFATUATE youth, again so soon to feel
 The wound which Time and Absence sought to heal !
 Nay, nay, for God's sake ! Temper thy desire.
 The ashes smoulder—cherish not the fire.
 For, should'st thou fly, Love in pursuit will start,
 And, heedless of past pain, will wring thine heart.

XXV

LOVE THE BALL-PLAYER

MELEAGER

σφαιριστὰν τὸν Ἔρωτα τρέφω, σοὶ δ', Ἥλιοδώρα,
 βάλλει τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ παλλομένην καρδίαν.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε συμπαίκταν δέξαι Πόθον· εἰ δ' ἀπὸ σεῦ με
 ῥίψαις, οὐκ οἶσω τὰν ἀπάλαιστρον ὕβριν.

Love plays at ball and throws to thee
 The heart, my dear, that throbs in me.
 Take thou his playmate, sweet Desire,
 And let him fan the mutual fire.
 Thou can'st not then cast me away,
 The rules of Love forbid false play.

D

XXVII

LOVE THE SLAYER

MELEAGER

λίσσομ', Ἔρως, τὸν ἄγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἑλιοδώρας
 κοίμισον αἰδεσθεῖς Μοῦσαν ἐμὴν ἱκέτιν·
 ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεδιδραγμένα βάλλειν
 ἄλλον, αἰεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πτηνὰ χέοντα βέλη,
 εἰ καὶ με κτείναις λείψω φωνὴν προϊέοντα
 γράμματ'· Ἔρωτος ὄρα, ξεῖνε, μαιφονίην.

O TYRANT LOVE, list to my suppliant lay !

On me alone thou pourest all thy darts,
 To me thou bringest torture and dismay,
 And mercifully sparest other hearts.

I prithee, pity then my sleepless plight !

Charm Heliodora's vision from my brain.

For, if I'm killed, with dying hand I'll write :

“ Look, stranger, on the man whom Love has slain ! ”

XXVIII
LOVE AT AUCTION

MELEAGER

πωλείσθω καὶ ματρός ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισι καθεύδων,
 πωλείσθω· τί δέ μοι τὸ θρασὺ τοῦτο τρέφειν;
 καὶ γὰρ σιμὸν ἔφυ καὶ ὑπόπτερον, ἄκρα δ' ὄνυξιν
 κνίζει, καὶ κλαῖον πολλὰ μεταξὺ γελᾷ.
 πρὸς δ' ἔτι λοιπὸν ἄτρεπτον, ἀείλαλον, ὃξὺ δεδορκός,
 ἄγριον οὐδ' αὐτῇ μητρὶ φίλην τιθασύν,
 πάντα τέρας· τοίγαρ πεπράσεται· εἴ τις ἀπόπλους
 ἔμπορος ὠνεῖσθαι παῖδα θέλει προσίτω.
 καίτοι λίσσεται ἰδοὺ δεδακρυμένος· οὐ σ' ἔτι πωλῶ·
 θάρσει· Ζηνοφίλα σύντροφος ὦδε μένε.

WHILST slumbering on his mother's breast
Let Love be sold—I will not rear him.
He's useless, tried by any test
That can to men or maids endear him.
He's snub-nosed, winged, his nails can ravage,
He laughs, he's wild as any hawk.
To his own mother he's a savage,
And then he never stops his talk.
Perchance some sailor wants a slave,
Seafaring men are always bold,
But little is the price I crave,
To him the monster shall be sold.
Yet stay! He begs me to desist,
And tries to mitigate my hate.
He weeps. His tears I can't resist.
Let him remain and live with Kate.

XXX

LOVE'S MASTERDOM

MELEAGER

δεινὸς Ἔρως, δεινός· τί δὲ τὸ πλεόν, ἦν πάλιν εἶπω
 καὶ πάλιν, οἰμώζων πολλάκι, δεινὸς Ἔρως;
 ἦ γὰρ ὁ παῖς τούτοισι γελᾷ, καὶ πυκνὰ κακισθεὶς
 ἥδεται, ἦν δ' εἶπω λοῖδορα, καὶ τρέφεται·
 θαῦμα δέ μοι, πῶς ἄρα διὰ γλαυκοῖο φανείσα
 κύματος, ἐξ ὑγροῦ, Κύπρι, σὺ πῦρ τέτοκας.

DREADFUL is Love ! With piteous cry
 Again I raise my sad lament.
 But what avails it, when each sigh
 To him is food and nourishment ?
 He mocks me when I weep and moan.
 Scorched by his darts, I oft inquire
 How Venus, born of Ocean's foam,
 Herself gave birth to burning fire ?

II

DEDICATION

XXXII

TO APHRODITE, BY LAIS

PLATO

ἡ σοβαρὸν γελάσασα καθ' Ἑλλάδος, ἡ τὸν ἐραστῶν
 ἑσμὸν ἐνὶ προθύροις Λαῖς ἔχουσα νέων,
 τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτοπτρον· ἐπεὶ τοίη μὲν ὁρᾶσθαι
 οὐκ ἐθέλω, οἷη δ' ἦν πάρος οὐ δύναμαι.

I, LAIS, who enthralled the Grecian youth,
 To Venus give this glass, which tells the truth.
 I will not face the tell-tale mirror more,
 And why? I see not what I saw of yore.

III
EPITAPHS

XXXIII
ON THE SPARTANS AT
THERMOPYLAE¹

SIMONIDES

ὦ ξεῖν', ἄγγελον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
κείμεθα τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

O STRANGER ! say that, honouring her behest,
Here the remains of Sparta's warriors rest.

¹ There are a great many translations of this celebrated epitaph. Symonds (*The Greek Poets*, ii. p. 289) says that none are "very good." "The difficulty lies in the word ῥήμασι. Is this equivalent to ῥήτρας, as Cicero, who renders it by *legibus*, seems to think? Or is it the same as *orders*?" So far as the translation of the word is concerned, I venture to suggest "behest," but I greatly doubt if any translation can do justice to the original. I am very conscious of the extent to which the version given above fails in this respect.

XXXIV

THE PALL OF LEONIDAS

PHILIPPUS

πουλὺ Λεωνίδεω κατίδων δέμας αὐτοδάϊκτον
 Ξέρξης ἐχλαίνου φάρεϊ πορφορέω.
 κῆκ νεκύων δ' ἤχησεν ὁ τᾶς Σπάρτας πολὺς ἥρωσ·
 οὐ δέχομαι προδόταις μισθὸν ὀφειλόμενον·
 ἀσπίς ἐμοὶ τύμβου κόσμος μέγας· αἶρε τὰ Περσῶν
 χῆξω κεῖς Ἀἶδην ὡς Λακεδαιμόνιος.

THE Persian threw his mantle o'er the grave
 Whereon his shame was writ.
 Then did the hero turn,
 And proudly cried, "I spurn
 Your Asian tribute. Let my shield and glaive,
 Of which in sunlit earth you felt the might,
 Be still my pall in death's eternal night.
 I lived a Spartan. In the realms beneath
 I still am true to Sparta, e'en in death."

XXXV

ON THE DEAD IN AN UNKNOWN
BATTLE

MNASALCAS

οἶδε πάτραν, πολύδακρυν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔχουσαν,
 ῥύόμενοι δνοφερὰν ἀμφεβάλλοντο κόνιν,
 ἄρνυνται δ' ἀρετᾶς αἶνον μέγαν. ἀλλὰ τις ἀστῶν
 τούσδ' ἐσιδὼν θνάσκειν τλάτω ὑπὲρ πατρίδος.

FROM off their native land they struck the servile chain,
 Nor struck in vain.
 In dust they lie.
 Mark, patriot, well ! Thine own dear native land
 Will send forth her command.
 Then dare to die !

XXXVI
ON THE DEAD IN A BATTLE IN
BOEOTIA

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

ὦ Χρόνε παντοίων θνητοῖς πανεπίσκοπε δαῖμον,
ἄγγελος ἡμετέρων πᾶσι γενοῦ παθέων,
ὥς ἱερὰν σώζειν πειρώμενοι Ἑλλάδα χώραν
Βοιωτῶν κλεινοῖς θνήσκομεν ἐν δαπέδοις.

O TIME, that seest all and canst not die !
Let all men know why in this tomb we lie.
To save our sacred country we were slain,
And lie for ever on Boeotia's plain.

XXXVII

ON A SLAIN WARRIOR

ANACREON

*καρτερὸς ἐν πολέμοις Τιμόκριτος οὐ τόδε σᾶμα·
 Ἄρης δ' οὐκ ἀγαθῶν φείδεται, ἀλλὰ κακῶν.*

TIMOCRITUS lies here. Mars takes the brave,
 And spares the coward for a nameless grave.

XXXVIII
ON A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

PLATO

*ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμί· ὁ δ' ἀντίον ἐστὶ γεωργοῦ·
ὥς ἀλλὶ καὶ γαλῇ ξυνὸς ὕπεστ' Ἀΐδης.*

SHIPWRECKED, I lost my life upon the sea.
Who sleeps beside me gained his daily bread
Upon a farm ; but, following Death's decree,
Sailors and landsmen meet amongst the dead.

XXXIX
ON A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

THEODORIDES

*ναυηγού τάφος εἰμί· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ ὅθ' ἡμεῖς
ὠλόμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοπόρουν.*

SHIPWRECKED was I, but fear not thou to sail.
When we were lost, others rode out the gale.

XLI

ON THE EMPTY TOMB OF ONE
LOST AT SEA

GLAUCUS

οὐ κόνις οὐδ' ὀλίγον πέτρης βάρος, ἀλλ' Ἐρασίππου
 ἦν ἐσορᾶς αὕτη πᾶσα θάλασσα τάφος·
 ὤλετο γὰρ σὺν νηϊ· τὰ δ' ὀστέα πού ποτ' ἐκείνου
 πύθεται, αἰθυίαις γνωστὰ μόναις ἐνέπειν.

No flimsy stone stands o'er Nicanor dead,
 With ship and crew he sank beneath the surge.
 The weight of ocean lies above his head,
 The screaming sea-gulls sang his funeral dirge.

UNLOOKED-FOR woes the cruel gods have sent
To old Thymodes ; a dear son he weeps.
To Lycus has he reared this monument,
Unknowing where the wave-tossed body sleeps.
For him no grave was dug with loving hand,
No train of mourners decked his funeral pile.
His bones lie bleaching on a foreign strand,
On some far Thynian beach or Pontic isle.

XLIII
ON A WAYSIDE TOMB

NICIAS

*Ἦξευ ὑπ' αἰγέλοισιν, ἐπεὶ κάμες, ἐνθάδ', ὀδίτα,
καὶ πῖθ' ἄσσον ἰὼν πίδακος ἀμετέρας,
μνάσαι δὲ κράναν καὶ ἀπόπροθι, ἂν ἐπὶ Γίλλῳ
Σῆμος ἀποφθιμένῳ παιδὶ παριδρύεται.*

Rest, traveller, beneath these quivering leaves,
Drink of the spring, and, in all future years,
Remember that a sorrowing father grieves,
And builds a fountain where he sheds his tears.

XLIV
ON A BABY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

ἄρτι με γευόμενον ζωᾶς βρέφος ἥρπασε δαίμων
οὐκ οἶδ' εἴτ' ἀγαθῶν αἷτιος εἶτε κακῶν·
ἀπλήρωτ' Ἀΐδα, τί με νήπιον ἥρπασας ἐχθρῶς ;
τί σπεύδεις ; οὐ σοὶ πάντες ὀφειλόμεθα ;

DEATH waited on me at my birth,
And snatched me from the joys of earth.
I know not if 'twere well for me
Or ill, that pitiless decree.
Insatiate Death ! Why move so fast ?
Are we not all thine own at last ?

XLV
ON A CHILD OF FIVE

LUCIAN

*παῖδά με πενταέτηρον ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντα
· νηλειῆς Ἀΐδης ἤρπασε Καλλίμαχον·
ἀλλὰ με μὴ κλαίοις· καὶ γὰρ βιότοιο μετέσχον
παύρου, καὶ παύρων τῶν βιότοιο κακῶν.*

AT five years old my infant spirit fled,
But mourn me not, although my time was brief.
I knew no earthly joys, but with the dead,
I glory that I knew no earthly grief.

XLVI

FREEDOM IN DEATH

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*Ζωσίμη ἡ πρὶν ἐοῦσα μόνῃ τῷ σώματι δούλη
καὶ τῷ σώματι νῦν εὖρεν ἐλευθερίην.*

ZOSIME, cursed with serfdom from the womb,
Found Life in Death, and freedom in the tomb.

IV
LITERATURE AND ART

XLVII

ERINNA

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

παρθενικὴν νεαοιδὸν ἐν ὕμνοπόλοισι μέλισσαν
 Ἥρινναν Μουσῶν ἄνθεα δρεπτομέναν
 "Αἶδας εἰς ὑμέναιον ἀνάρπασεν· ἧ ῥα τόδ' ἔμφρων
 εἶπ' ἐτύμως ἁ παῖς· βάσκανος ἔσσι' Ἀῖδα.

ERINNA, songstress of the honeyed lay,
 Was wooed by Death, and could not say him nay.
 Still the wise maiden, with her parting breath,
 True to the Muses, sang "Ah! envious Death!"

XLVIII

ANACREON'S GRAVE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

ὦ ξένε, τόνδε τάφον τὸν Ἀνακρείοντος ἀμείβων
 σπείσόν μοι παριών· εἰμὶ γὰρ οἴνοπότης.

POUR a libation, stranger, as you pass.
 It is Anacreon's tomb. He loved his glass.

XLIX
POPULAR SONGS

LUCILIUS

τέθνηκ' Εὐτυχίδης ὁ μελογράφος· οἱ κατὰ γαῖαν
 φεύγεται· ἔχων ῥῶδ' ἔρχεται Εὐτυχίδης·
 καὶ κιθάρας αὐτῷ διετάξατο συγκατακαῦσαι
 δώδεκα, καὶ κίστας εἰκοσίπεντε νόμων.
 νῦν ὑμῖν ὁ Χάρων ἐπελήλυθε· ποῖ τις ἀπέλθῃ
 λοιπόν, ἐπεὶ χᾶδην Εὐτυχίδης κατέχει ;

EUTYCHIDES is gone below.
 Fly, shades ! 'Tis well that ye should know
 He brings some twenty chests of verse,
 And lyres twelve. They'll prove a curse.
 Where can poor mortals rest in peace
 Whene'er their earthly labours cease,
 Now that Eutychides pervades
 With song and lyre the very shades ?

L

THE REED PEN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

ἤμην ἀχρεῖον κάλαμος φυτόν, ἐκ γὰρ ἐμεῖο
 οὐ σῦκ', οὐ μῆλον φύεται, οὐ σταφυλή·
 ἀλλὰ μ' ἀνὴρ ἐμήσ' Ἑλικωνίδα, λεπτὰ τορήσας
 χεῖλεα καὶ στεινὸν ῥοῦν ὀχετευσάμενος,
 ἐκ δὲ τοῦ εὖτε πίοιμι μέλαν ποτόν, ἔνθεος οἶα
 πᾶν ἔπος ἀφθέγκτ' τῷδε λαλῶ στόματι.

LI
ALEXANDRIANISM

71

LII

ON A LOVE PLOUGHING

LVII
 DIANA OF EPHEBUS

ANTIPATER

καὶ κρανάας Βαβυλῶνος ἐπίδρομον ἄρμασι τείχος,
 καὶ τὸν ἐπ' Ἀλφειῷ Ζᾶνα κατηγασάμην,
 κάπων τ' αἰώρημα, καὶ Ἡελίοιο Κολοσσόν,
 καὶ μέγαν αἰπεινᾶν Πυραμίδων κάματον,
 μνᾶμα τε Μαυσωλοῖο πελώριον· ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἐσεῖδον
 Ἀρτέμιδος νεφέων ἄχρι θέοντα δόμον,
 κείνα μὲν ἡμαύρετο· τί κείνα δέ; νόσφιν Ὀλύμπου
 Ἄλιος οὐδέν πω τοῖον ἐπηγάσατο.

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I

LVIII

THE SERVICE OF GOD

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

τὴν Διὸς ἀμφίπολόν με Χελιδόνα, τὴν ἐπὶ βωμοῖς
 σπένδειν ἀθανάτων γρήϋν ἐπισταμένην,
 εὐτεκνον, ἀστονάχητον, ἔχει τάφος· οὐ γὰρ ἀμαυρῶς
 δαίμονες ἡμετέρην ἔβλεπον εὐσεβίην.

PRIESTESS of Zeus, I worshipped at his shrine,
 In my old age to him I raised my prayer.
 With children blessed, no cankering grief was mine,
 My simple piety was free from care.
 Now in the tomb, where others cease from strife,
 And seek repose from labour, tears, and sighs,
 I gain the guerdon of a blameless life,
 The gods beheld my work with undimmed eyes.

LIX
THE WATER OF PURITY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*ἀγνὸς κείς τέμενος καθαροῦ, ξένε, δαίμονος ἔρχου
 ψυχὴν, νυμφαίου νόματος ἀψάμενος·
 ὥς ἀγαθοῖς κεῖται βαιὴ λιβάς, ἄνδρα δὲ φαῦλον
 οὐδ' ἂν ὁ πᾶς νίψαι νόμασιν Ὀκεανός.*

STRANGER, approach, if with a hallowed soul
 Thou seek'st the precincts of the awful shrine.
 Take virgin water from the sacred bowl,
 The temple shelters purity divine.
 If thine own conscience tells a virtuous tale,
 A few scant drops will make thee pure and glad,
 But for the wicked nothing can avail,
 For learn, not Ocean's self can cleanse the bad.

LX

PASTORAL SOLITUDE

SATYRUS

*ποιμενίαν ἄγλωσσος ἀν' ὀργάδα μέλπεται Ἀχὼ
ἀντίθρουν πτανοῖς ὑστερόφωνον ὄπα.*

ON this green slope resound no human words,
Echo repeats the music of the birds.

LXII

LXV

A ROSE IN WINTER

CRINAGORAS

εἶαρος ἦνθει μὲν τὸ πρὶν ῥόδα, νῦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
 χεῖματι πορφυρέας ἐσχάσαμεν κάλυκας
 σὴ ἐπιμειδήσαντα γενεθλίῃ ἄσμενα τῇδε
 ἡοῖ, νυμφιδίων ἀσσοτάτη λεχέων·
 καλλίστης στεφθῆναι ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι γυναικὸς
 λώϊον ἢ μίμνειν ἡρινὸν ἡέλιον.

Roses till now have blossomed in the spring,
Our crimson cups burst forth midst winter's snow.
On this, thy birthday morn, we hither bring
A smiling tribute to adorn thy brow.
Thy bridal hour is near, and with delight
For thy fair forehead we provide a wreath,
'Tis better thus to bloom in winter's night,
Than to await the tardy summer's breath.

LXVI

GOOD-BYE TO CHILDHOOD

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Τιμαρέτα πρὸ γάμοιο τὰ τύμπανα τήν τ' ἐρατεινήν
 σφαῖραν, τόν τε κόμας ῥύτορα κεκρύφαλον,
 τὰς τε κόρας, Λιμνάτι, κόρα κόρα, ὡς ἐπικέες,
 ἄνθετο, καὶ τὰ κορᾶν ἐνδύματ' Ἀρτέμιδι.
 Λατῶα, τὺ δὲ παιδὸς ὑπὲρ χέρα Τιμαρετείας
 θηκαμένα σῶζοις τὰν ὅσιν ὀσίως.

HER tambourine and pretty ball,
Her dolls she left, with all their dresses,
Her playthings, whether great or small,
The net which held her golden tresses.
Sweet Chloe, on her marriage day,
Renounced her happy childhood's pleasures.
A maid should to a maiden pray,
The Limnian Queen received her treasures.
Daughter of Leto ! listen as we pray,
Shield her, and keep her pure from day to day.

LXVII

NUNC DIMITTIS

JOANNES BARBUCALLUS

*ἐς πόσιν ἀθρήσασα παρ' ἐσχατίης λίνα μοίρης
 ἦνεσα καὶ χθονίους, ἦνεσα καὶ ζυγίους,
 τοὺς μέν, ὅτι ζωὸν λίπον ἀνέρα, τοὺς δ' ὅτι τοῖον·
 ἀλλὰ πατὴρ μίμνοι παισὶν ἐφ' ἡμετέροις.*

HOLDING my husband's hand with ebbing breath,
 I praised the gods of Marriage and of Death,
 These that I gave my love to such as he,
 Those that he lives our children's stay to be.

LXIX

BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE

JOANNES BARBUCALLUS

Πειθοῖ καὶ Παφίᾳ πακτὰν καὶ κηρία σίμβλων
 τᾶς καλυκοστεφάνου νυμφίος Εὐρυνόμας
 Ἑρμοφίλας ἀνέθηκεν ὁ βωκόλος· ἀλλὰ δέχεσθε
 ἀντ' αὐτᾶς πακτάν, ἀντ' ἐμέθεν τὸ μέλι.

THE neat-herd and his bride, Eurynome,
 Bring cheese of cream and honey of the bee.
 May these Persuasion and the Paphian please,
 From him take honey, and from her take cheese.

LXX

HOUSEHOLD HAPPINESS

AGATHIAS

τῇ Παφίῃ στεφάνους, τῇ Παλλάδι τὴν πλοκαμίδα,
 Ἄρτεμιδι ζώνην ἄνθετο Καλλιρόῃ·
 εὔρετο γὰρ μνηστήρα τὸν ἤθελε, καὶ λάχεν ἡβην
 σῶφρονα, καὶ τεκέων ἄρσεν ἔτικτε γένος.

CALLIRHOË brings the Paphian fair
 These flowers ; Love a wooer found her.
 Let Pallas take a tress of hair,
 And Artemis the zone that bound her.
 These kindly three, who reign above,
 Lavished their gifts when she was wed ;
 Blameless, she gained a husband's love,
 Male children blessed her marriage bed.

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LXXI

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LXXII

THE BROKEN HOME

BIANOR

Θειονόης ἔκλαιον ἐμῆς μόρον, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παιδὸς
 ἐλπίσι κουφοτέρας ἔστενον εἰς ὁδύνας·
 νῦν δέ με καὶ παιδὸς φθονερή τις ἐνόσφισε Μοῖρα·
 φεῦ βρέφος, ἐψεύσθην καὶ σὲ τὸ λειπόμενον.
 Περσεφόνη, τόδε πατρὸς ἐπὶ θρήνοισιν ἄκουσον,
 θὲς βρέφος ἐς κόλπους μητρὸς ἀποιχομένης.

I MOURNED my dead Theionoë, but found
 Some solace in the child the dear one left.
 Now has my agony of grief been crowned,
 The Fates have willed, and I am twice bereft.
 Dread Queen that rulest o'er the realms of Dis !
 Spurn not a sorrowing father's poor request,
 Little it is I ask, but grant me this,
 Lay thou the babe upon his mother's breast.

TRAVELLER, who at this stone may chance to pause
To mourn the lot of him who stumbers here,
Spare thy lament, nor weep without a cause,
For e'en in death I claim no pitying tear.
Happy my lot whilst in the realms above,
With one fond spouse I passed a blameless life,
Three sons I saw, the offspring of our love,
And lived to give to each a loving wife.
Babes, fond and dear, the triple marriage gave,
I lulled them oft to sleep upon my breast,
With painless tears they laid me in the grave
To slumber in the regions of the blest.

VIII
BEAUTY

LXXIV

COMING THROUGH THE RYE

RHIANUS

ἡ ῥά νύ τοι, Κλεόνικε, δι' ἀτραπιτοῖο κίοντι
 στευνῆς ἠντήσανθ' αἱ λιπαραὶ Χάριτες,
 καὶ σε ποτὶ ῥοδέησιν ἐπηχύναντο χέρεσσιν,
 κοῦρε, πεποίησαι δ' ἡλίκος ἐσσι χάρις.
 τηλόθι μοι μάλα χαῖρε· πυρὸς δ' οὐκ ἀσφαλὲς ἄσσον
 ἔρπειν αὐτηρὴν, ἃ φίλος, ἀνθέρικα.

METHINKS, when gazing on thy heavenly charms,
 The Graces met thee where thou could'st not move,
 Clasping thee fondly in their rosy arms,
 They gave thee all the attributes of love.
 On thee, dear heart, they lavished all their grace.
 Pleased, from afar I hail the vision bright,
 I dare not view too near thy beauteous face,
 The stalk, when dry, is easily alight.

LXXV

THE FLOWER OF YOUTH

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Ἴσιος ἡδύπνευστε, καὶ εἰ δεκάκις μύρον εὔδεις,
 ἔγρεο καὶ δέξαι χερσὶ φίλαις στέφανον
 ὃν νῦν μὲν θάλλοντα, μαραινόμενον δὲ πρὸς ἡῶ
 ὄψεται, ὑμετέρης σύμβολον ἡλικίης.

AWAKE, my sweet-breathed Isias, whilst 'tis time,
 The flowers I bring will fade at dawn of day.
 Even so thy fleeting beauty, at its prime,
 Will shine for one brief hour and then decay.

LXXVI

WITHERED BLOSSOMS

STRATO

εἰ κάλλει καυχᾶ, γίγνωσχ' ὅτι καὶ ῥόδον ἀνθεῖ,
 ἀλλὰ μαρανθὲν ἄφνω σὺν κοπρίοις ἐρίφη·
 ἄνθος γὰρ καὶ κάλλος ἴσον χρόνον ἐστὶ λαχόντα,
 ταῦτα δ' ὁμῇ φθονέων ἐξεμάρανε χρόνος.

Boast not, the rose is also fair,
 It withers and is cast away.
 Does envious Time the blossom spare ?
 Thou and the rose alike decay.

LXXVII

THE END OF DESIRE

SECUNDUS

ἢ τὸ πάλαι Λαῖς πάντων βέλος, οὐκέτι Λαῖς
 ἀλλ' ἐτέων φανερὴ πᾶσιν ἐγὼ Νέμεσις.
 οὐ μὰ Κύπριν (τί δὲ Κύπρις ἐμοὶ πλέον ἢ ὅσον ὄρκος;)
 γινώριμον οὐδ' αὐτῇ Λαῖδι Λαῖς ἔτι.

LAIS, whose laughing eyes have pierced the heart
 Of many a man, herself has felt the dart
 Of cruel Time. He laid her beauty low.
 Then, in her loveless solitude, she swore,
 By Venus, that she knew herself no more,
 And marvelled that the men had loved her so.

LXXVIII

HOARDED BEAUTY

STRATO

*εἰ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλόν, μετάδος πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ·
εἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβῇ τοῦθ' ὃ μένει διδόναι ;*

IF beauty dies, then yield a share
Before it fades for evermore,
But if it lasts, my love, forbear
To treasure up an endless store.

LXXIX
CARPE DIEM

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

τὸ ρόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον· ἦν δὲ παρέλθῃ,
ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ρόδον ἀλλὰ βάτον.

“GATHER the rose-buds whilst you may,”
The poet sings in tones forlorn.
Should you a few brief hours delay,
You’ll find no rose-bud, but a thorn.

LXXX
DUST AND ASHES

ASCLEPIADES

*φείδῃ παρθενίης, καὶ τί πλέον ; οὐ γὰρ ἐς "Αἰδην
ἐλθοῦς' εὐρήσεις τὸν φιλέοντα, κόρη·
ἐν ζωοῖσι τὰ τερπνὰ τὰ Κύπριδος· ἐν δ' Ἀχέροντι
ὄστέα καὶ σποδιή, παρθένε, κεισόμεθα.*

WHY so coy, ye lovely maids ?
Lovers thrive not in the shades.
Here on earth is Love's delight,
There are dust and bones and night.

LXXXI

A STORY OF THE SEA

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

κλασθείσης ποτὲ γῆδος ἐν ὕδατι, δῆριν ἔθεντο
 δισσοὶ ὑπὲρ μούνης μαρνάμενοι σανίδος.
 τύψε μὲν Ἀνταγόρης Πεισίστρατον· οὐ νεμεσητόν,
 ἦν γὰρ ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς· ἀλλ' ἐμέλησε Δίκη.
 νήχεθ' ὁ μὲν, τὸν δ' εἶλε κύων ἀλός· ἡ παναλάστωρ
 κηρῶν οὐδ' ὑγρῷ παύεται ἐν πελάγει.

Two sailors, when the vessel sank,
 Clung to one plank their lives to save.
 Tom foully struck Jack off the plank,
 And doomed him to a watery grave.
 Avenging Justice eyed the strife,
 And punished quick. The sequel mark.
 Jack swam ashore and saved his life,
 Whilst Tom was swallowed by a shark.

LXXXII

THE CASKET OF PANDORA

MACEDONIUS

Πανδώρης ὀρόων γελόω πίθον, οὐδὲ γυναῖκα
 μέμφομαι, ἀλλ' αὐτῶν τὰ πτερὰ τῶν Ἀγαθῶν·
 ὥς γὰρ ἐπ' Οὐλύμποιο μετὰ χθονὸς ἦθεα πάσης
 πωτῶνται, πίπτειν καὶ κατὰ γῆν ὄφελον.
 ἡ δὲ γυνὴ μετὰ πῶμα κατωχρήσασα παρειὰς
 ὤλεσεν ἀγλαΐην ὧν ἔφερεν χαρίτων,
 ἀμφοτέρων δ' ἤμαρτεν ὁ νῦν βίος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
 γηράσκουσιν ἔχει, καὶ πίθος οὐδὲν ἔχει.

LXXXIII

LIGHT LOVE

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

*ἡράσθης πλουτῶν, Σωσίκρατες· ἀλλὰ πένης ὦν
 οὐκέτ' ἐρᾷ· λιμὸς φάρμακον οἶον ἔχει·
 ἢ δὲ πάρος σε καλεῦσα μύρον καὶ τερπνὸν Ἄδωνιν
 Μηνοφίλα, νῦν σου τοῦνομα πυνθάνεται.
 τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν; πόθι τοι πόλις; ἢ μόλις ἔγνωσ
 τοῦτ' ἔπος, ὥς οὔδεις οὐδὲν ἔχοντι φίλος.*

WHEN rich, Sosicrates, a crew
 Of hungry friends beset your portals.
 Now you are shunned by all you knew,
 O least befriended amongst mortals !
 Your mistress, who used every word
 Of love, and meant it for a while,¹
 Now swears your name she never heard,
 Or asks your city with a smile.
 Surely the case is clearly proved,
 Learn what these sorry truths portend :
 The rich man is by all beloved,
 The poor man never has a friend.

¹ Μηροφιλα.

LXXXIV
CORINTH

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

ποῦ τὸ περίβλεπτον κάλλος σέο, Δωρὶ Κόρινθε ;
 ποῦ στεφάναι πύργων, ποῦ τὰ πάλαι κτέανα ;
 ποῦ νηοὶ μακάρων, ποῦ δώματα, ποῦ δὲ δάμαρτες
 Σισύφιοι λαῶν θ' αἷ ποτε μυριάδες ;
 οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἔχνος, πολυκάμμορε, σείῳ λέλειπται,
 πάντα δὲ συμμάρψας ἐξέφαγεν πόλεμος.
 μούναι ἀπόρθητοι Νηρηίδες Ὀκεανοῖο
 κούραι σῶν ἀχέων μένομεν ἀλκύνους.

WHERE is thy beauty, Dorian Corinth, where
The crown of towers, which of old was thine?
The halls once crowded by the brave and fair,
The throng which flocked to many a gorgeous shrine?
Thy beauty's wrecked. It ne'er can rise again,
'Tis wasted by the stern, relentless foe,
And only we, the Nymphs from out the main,
Abide, like halcyons, wailing o'er thy woe.

LXXXV

TROY

AGATHIAS

εἰ μὲν ἀπὸ Σπάρτης τις ἔφυς, ξένε, μή με γελάσσης,
 οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ μούνη ταῦτα τέλεσσε Τύχη·
 εἰ δέ τις ἐξ Ἀσίας, μὴ πένθει, Δαρδανικοῖς γὰρ
 σκήπτροις Αἰνεαδῶν πᾶσα νένευκε πόλις·
 εἰ δὲ θεῶν τεμένη καὶ τείχεα καὶ ναετήρας
 ζηλήμων δηίων ἐξεκένωσεν Ἄρης,
 εἰμὶ πάλιν βασιλεια· σὺ δ' ὦ τέκος, ἄτρομε Ῥώμη,
 βάλλε καθ' Ἑλλήνων σῆς ζυγόδεσμα δίκης.

O SPARTAN, hold me not in scorn,
Others have shared my hapless plight.
And, thou of Asia, cease to mourn,
Thy cities know the Dardan might.
Although the foe has razed my home,
My queenly rank shall never cease,
For thou, my child, Imperial Rome,
Shalt lay thy heavy yoke on Greece.

LXXXVI

FORTUNE'S PLAYTHING

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*οὐκ ἐθέλουσα Τύχη σε προήγαγεν, ἀλλ' ἵνα δείξῃ
ὥς ὅτι μέχρις σοῦ πάντα ποιεῖν δύναται.*

OH! thank not Fortune. She but wished to show
Her might in raising one who stood so low.

LXXXVII

TENANTS AT WILL

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

ἀγρὸς Ἀχαιμενίδου γενόμεν ποτέ, νῦν δὲ Μενίππου,
καὶ πάλιν ἐξ ἑτέρου βήσομαι εἰς ἕτερον·
καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ἔχειν μέ ποτ' ᾔφετο, καὶ πάλιν οὗτος
οἴεται· εἰμὶ δ' ὅλως οὐδενός, ἀλλὰ Τύχης.

I ONCE was called the field of John,
Until he sold me to his brother,
Each in his turn thought me his own,
And so I pass from one to other.
But who the ownership can claim
I know, and laugh at man's delusion,
Fortune the Fickle is her name,
She covers all men with confusion.

K

LXXXVIII

PARTING COMPANY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*Ἐλπίς καὶ σὺ Τύχη μέγα χαίρετε· τὸν λιμέν' εὔρον·
οὐδὲν ἐμοὶ χ' ὑμῖν· παύετε τοὺς μετ' ἐμέ.*

DELUSIVE Hope, and Fortune too,
Farewell ! I've reached the port.
There's nothing now 'twixt me and you,
Of others make a sport.

LXXXIX

THE EMPTY JAR

ERATOSTHENES

*οἶνοπότας Ξενοφῶν κενεὸν πίθον ἄνθετο, Βάκχε·
δέχνυσσο δ' εὐμενέως· ἄλλο γὰρ οὐδὲν ἔχει.*

BACCHUS, receive this empty jar. 'Tis thine.
'Tis all that Bibo hath not spent on wine.

XC

AN UNGROUNDED SCANDAL

LUCILIUS

*τὰς τρίχας, ὦ Νίκυλλά, τινες βάπτειν σε λέγουσιν
 ὅς σὺ μελαινοτάτας ἐξ ἀγορᾶς ἐπρίω.*

You dye those locks of raven hue,
 Nicylla—so 'tis said or thought.
 And this most certainly is true,
 No blacker hair is ever bought.

XCII

SIMON THE OCULIST

NICARCHUS

*ἦν τιν' ἔχης ἐχθρόν, Διονύσιε, μὴ καταράσῃ
 τὴν Ἰσιν τούτῳ μὴδὲ τὸν Ἀρποκράτην,
 μὴδ' εἴ τις τυφλοὺς ποιεῖ θεός, ἀλλὰ Σίμωνα·
 καὶ γνώσῃ τί θεὸς καὶ τί Σίμων δύναται.*

CALL not on any deity to strike
 The foe whom you would doom to blindness,
 But call on blundering Simon ; all would like
 God's anger more than Simon's kindness.

XCV

THE ASTROLOGER'S FORECAST

AGATHIAS

Καλλιγένης ἀγροΐκος ὅτε σπόρον ἔμβαλε γαίῃ
 οἶκον Ἀριστοφάνους ἦλθεν ἐς ἀστρολόγου
 ἦτεε δ' ἐξερέειν εἴπερ θέρος αἴσιον αὐτῷ
 ἔσται καὶ σταχύων ἄφθονος εὐπορίῃ.
 δς δὲ λαβὼν ψηφίδας, ὑπὲρ πίνακός τε πυκάζων,
 δάκτυλά τε γνάμπτων φθέγγετο Καλλιγένει·
 εἴπερ ἐπομβρηθῇ τὸ ἀρούριον ὅσσον ἀπόχρη
 μηδέ τιν' ὑλαίην τέξεται ἀνθοσύνην,
 μηδὲ πάγος ῥήξῃ τὴν αὐλακα μηδὲ χαλάξῃ
 ἄκρον ἀποδρυφθῇ δράγματος ὀρνυμένου
 μηδὲ κεμὰς κείρησι τὰ λήϊα μηδέ τιν' ἄλλην
 ἥερος ἢ γαίης ὄψεται ἀμπλακίην,
 ἐσθλὸν σοι τὸ θέρος μαντεύομαι, εὖ δ' ἀποκόψεις
 τοὺς στάχυν· μούνας δείδιθι τὰς ἀκρίδας.

XCVII

A GENERATION OF VIPERS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*ἀσπίδα, φρῦνον, ὄφιν, καὶ Λαδικέας περίφευγε,
καὶ κύνα λυσσητήν, καὶ πάλι Λαδικέας.*

VIPERS, toads, snakes, and ——¹. Of these beware.
Of ——¹ again, and mad dogs, have a care.

¹ Every one can here insert his own special antipathy, in the place of the Laodiceans of the original. It must, however, for metrical reasons, be expressed in a monosyllable. Even with this restriction, a fairly wide field remains open for purposes of selection.

XCIX
THE FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY

LUCIAN

τοῦ πωγωνοφόρου Κυνικοῦ, τοῦ βακτροπροσαίτου
εἶδομεν ἐν δείπνῳ τὴν μεγάλην σοφίαν·
θέρμων μὲν γὰρ πρῶτον ἀπέσχετο καὶ ραφανίδων
μὴ δεῖν δουλεύειν γαστρὶ λέγων ἀρετὴν·
εὔτε δ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἶδεν χιονώδεα βόλβαν
στρυφνὴν, ἣ πιυντὸν ἤδη ἔκλεπτε νόον,
ᾗτησεν παρὰ προσδοκίαν καὶ ἔτρωγεν ἀληθῶς,
κούδεν ἔφη βόλβαν τὴν ἀρετὴν ἀδικεῖν.

C

EPILOGUE

PHILODEMUS

ἠράσθην· τίς δ' οὐχί; κεχώμακα· τίς δ' ἀμήτορ
 κώμων; ἀλλ' ἐμάνην· ἐκ τίνος; οὐχὶ θεοῦ;
 ἐρρίφθω· πολλὴ γὰρ ἐπείγεται ἀντὶ μελαίνης
 θοῖξ ἤδη, συνετῆς ἄγγελος ἡλικίης.
 καὶ παίζειν ὅτε καιρός, ἐπαίξαμεν· ἤνικα καὶ νῦν
 οὐκέτι, λωϊτέρης φροντίδος ἀψόμεθα.

I LOVED, I played, I drank my wine
 In youth's brief blithesome hour of gladness.
 Who has not heard the voice divine
 Inviting joy akin to madness?
 Alas, 'tis o'er! My wrinkled brow
 Comes, like the warning of a sage,
 To say that pleasure's past, and now
 My thoughts must change to suit my age.

CI

THE DECOY PARTRIDGE

SIMMIAS

οὐκέτ' ἂν' ὑλῆεν δρίος εὐσκιον, ἀγρότα πέρδιξ,
 ἤχῃεσαν ἴης γῆρυν ἀπὸ στομάτων,
 θηρεύων βαλίουσ συνομήλικας ἐν νομῷ ὕλης·
 ᾗχεο γὰρ πυμάταν εἰς Ἀχέροντος ὁδόν.

THY note, O Partridge, clear as any bell,
 Decoys no more thy kinsfolk of the wood,
 The speckled tribe securely range the dell,
 For thou thyself hast crossed the Stygian flood.

DEAR Earth, Amyntichus is borne
 Into thy bosom. He is thine.
Bethink thee of the fruitful corn,
 The olive-stock, and clinging vine.
All these he cherished day by day,
 Remember what to thee he gave,
Lie softly on his temples grey,
 With vernal flowers deck his grave.

CIII
DEATH AT SEA

SIMONIDES

*σῶμα μὲν ἄλλοδαπὴν κεύθει κόνις· ἐν δέ σε πόντῳ,
Κλείσθηνες, Εὐξείνῳ μοῖρ' ἔκικεν θανάτου
πλαζόμενον, γλυκεροῦ δὲ μελίφρονος οἴκαδε νόστου
ἤμπλακες, οὐδ' ἔκευ Χίον ἐπ' ἀμφιρύτην.*

THEY tomb was fashioned by a foreign hand,
Thy children scan the eastern sky in vain.
Lie here for ever on the Euxine strand,
Thine island home thou ne'er shalt see again.

155

CIV

CV

MORS IMMORTALIS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*κάτθανον, ἀλλὰ μένω σε· μενεῖς δέ τε καὶ σύ τιν' ἄλλον·
πάντας ὁμῶς θνητοὺς εἰς Ἀΐδης δέχεται.*

I DIED, but wait with peaceful mind
For thee, my friend. Thou too shalt wait
For others that thou leavest behind.
Death garners all men soon or late.

159

CVI

CVII

THE USE OF LIFE

NICARCHUS

οὐκ ἀποθνήσκειν δεῖ με; τί μοι μέλει ἦν τε ποδαγρός,
 ἦν τε δρομεὺς γεγονῶς εἰς Ἀἶδην ὑπάγω;
 πολλοὶ γάρ μ' ἀρούσιν· ἔα χωλὸν με γενέσθαι,
 τῶνδ' ἕνεκεν γὰρ ἴσως οὔ ποτ' ἐὼ θιάσους.

WHAT matters if with gouty toe
 I start to join the shades below?
 If of a crutch I stand in need,
 Or rush away with greyhound speed?
 I shall be borne against my will,
 Then here on earth I'll drink my fill.

CVIII

VAIN RICHES

ANTIPHANES

ψηφίζεις, κακόδαιμον, ὁ δὲ χρόνος ὡς τόκον οὕτω
 καὶ πολλὸν τίκτει γῆρας ἐπερχόμενος,
 κοῦτε πῶν οὐτ' ἄνθος ἐπὶ κροτάφοις ἀναδήσας,
 οὐ μύρον, οὐ γλαφυρὸν γνούς ποτ' ἐρωμένιον
 τεθνήξῃ, πλουτοῦσαν ἀφείς μεγάλην διαθήκην,
 ἐκ πολλῶν ὀβολὸν μῶνον ἐνεγκάμενος.

HE counts his gains, whilst hoary age
 Advances with each fleeting hour,
 He's sober, grasping, cold, and sage,
 He laughs to scorn the Paphian's power.
 Death comes, and he perforce must join
 The brave, the base, the sad, the merry.
 He leaves his hoards, save one poor coin,
 Enough to pay the Stygian ferry.

M

CIX

MINIMUM CREDULA POSTERO

PALLADAS

πᾶσι θανεῖν μερόπεςσιν ὀφείλεται, οὐδέ τις ἐστὶν
 αὔριον εἰ ζήσει θνητὸς ἐπιστάμενος·
 τοῦτο σαφῶς, ἄνθρωπε, μαθὼν εὐφραине σεαυτὸν,
 λήθην τοῦ θανάτου τὸν Βρόμιον κατέχων,
 τέρπεο καὶ Παφίῃ, τὸν ἐφημέριον βίον ἔλκων,
 τᾶλλα δὲ πάντα Τύχῃ πράγματα δὸς διέπειν.

BETHINK thee, Man, of Death and cruel Fate,
 Perchance thou wilt not see to-morrow's sun,
 Then grasp the wine-cup ere it be too late,
 Be merry, ere thy little race is run.
 Pleasures the beauteous Paphian Queen can give,
 Her transient joys can now entrance thy soul.
 Seize them, whilst still on earth allowed to live,
 And leave the rest to Fortune to control.

CX

OUTRE-TOMBE

JULIANUS AEGYPTUS

*πολλάκι μὲν τόδ' ἄεισα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου δὲ βοήσω·
 πίνετε, πρὶν ταύτην ἀμφιβάλησθε κόνιν.*

OFT have I cried, and still in death I cry,
 "Drink and be merry, comrades, ere you die."

CXI

EARTH TO EARTH

ZONAS

*δός μοι τοῦκ γαίης πεπονημένον ἄδ' ὑπέλλων,
 ὅς γε γένεσθαι, καὶ ὑφ' ἧ κείσομ' ἀποφθίμενος.*

THE earthen wine-cup here on earth I crave.
 Earth made me, and will hide me in the grave.

CXII

ECCE MYSTERIUM

BIANOR

*οὗτος ὁ μηδέν, ὁ λιτός, ὁ καὶ λάτρις, οὗτος ἐράται
 καστί τινος ψυχῆς κύριος ἀλλοτρίης.*

THIS wretch, without a sole redeeming feature,
 Is loved, and lords it o'er some fellow-creature.

CXIII
THE SHADOW OF LIFE

THEOGNIS

*ἄφρονες ἄνθρωποι καὶ νήπιοι οἷτε θανόντας
κλαίουσ', οὐδ' ἥβης ἄνθος ἀπολλύμενον.*

SPARE tears and mourning o'er the funeral urn,
And mourn thy youth, which never can return.

TO

CXV

THE CLOSED ACCOUNT

PHILETAS

*οὐ κλαίω ξείνων σὲ φιλαίτατε· πολλὰ γὰρ ἔγνωσ
καλά· κακῶν δ' αὖ σοὶ μοῖραν ἔνειμε θεός.*

GOD gave thee good and ill. I mourn thee not,
Dearest of friends. Thine was the common lot.

CXVI

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

PALLADAS

πλοῦς σφαλερὸς τὸ ζῆν· χειμαζόμενοι γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ
 πολλάκι ναυηγῶν πταίμεν οἰκτρότερα·
 τὴν δὲ Τύχην βιότοιον κυβερνήτειραν ἔχοντες
 ὥς ἐπὶ τοῦ πελάγους ἀμφίβολοι πλέομεν,
 οἱ μὲν ἐπ' εὐπλοίην, οἱ δ' ἔμπαλιν· ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες
 εἰς ἓνα τὸν κατὰ γῆς ὄρμον ἀπερχόμεθα.

THE bark of life puts out from port,
 We hoist the mast and trim the sail,
 Under the summer sky we sport,
 At times we feel the wintry gale.
 We know not where our lot is cast,
 Our pilot, Chance, may wreck or save ;
 Whate'er betide, the voyage past,
 All cast their anchors in the grave.

CXVII
DAILY BIRTH

PALLADAS

*νυκτὸς ἀπερχομένης γεννώμεθα ἡμαρ ἐπ' ἡμαρ
τοῦ προτέρου βιώτου μηδὲν ἔχοντες ἔτι,
ἀλλοτριωθέντες τῆς ἐχθροσύνης διαγωγῆς
τοῦ λοιποῦ δὲ βίου σήμερον ἀρχόμενοι·
μὴ τοίνυν λέγε σαυτὸν ἐτῶν, πρεσβῦτα, περισσῶν,
τῶν γὰρ ἀπελθόντων σήμερον οὐ μετέχεις.*

Each fleeting day is killed by night,
Each morn the seed of Time is sown.
Ancient, in years take no delight,
Thou canst not call the past thine own.

CXVIII
THE COMMON ROAD

AMMIANUS

*ἡὼς ἐξ ἡούς παραπέμπεται, εἴτ', ἀμελούντων
ἡμῶν, ἐξαίφνης ἤξει ὁ πορφύρεος,
καὶ τοὺς μὲν τήξας, τοὺς δ' ὀπτήσας, ἐνίους δὲ
φυσήσας, ἄξει πάντας ἐς ἐν βάραθρον.*

MORN follows morn, and day succeeds to day,
We heed not what the fleeting hours forbode,
Sudden that Dark One seizes on his prey,
All reach the common goal, whate'er the road.

CXIX
NIHILISM

GLYCON

*πάντα γέλως καὶ πάντα κόνις καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν·
πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γυγνόμενα.*

ALL is dust, and all is laughter,
Think not of the dark hereafter.
Here on earth be gay and jolly,
Man's a fool, and all is folly.

CXXI

THE WORLD'S WORTH

ÆSOPUS

πῶς τις ἄνευ θανάτου σε φύγη, βίε; μυρία γάρ σευ
 λυγρά, καὶ οὔτε φυγεῖν εὐμαρὲς οὔτε φέρειν·
 ἡδέα μὲν γάρ σου τὰ φύσει καλά, γαῖα, θάλασσα,
 ἄστρο, σεληναίης κύκλα καὶ ἡελίου,
 τᾶλλα δὲ πάντα φόβοι τε καὶ ἄλγεα· κῆν τι πάθη τις
 ἐσθλόν, ἀμοιβαίην ἐκδέχεται Νέμεσιν.

CXXII

THE JOY OF LIFE

METRODORUS

παντοίην βιότοιο τάμοις τρίβον· εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
 κύδεα καὶ πινυταὶ πρήξεις· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
 ἄμπαυμ'· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσῃ
 κέρδος· ἐπὶ ξείνης, ἣν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, κλέος,
 ἣν δ' ἀπορῇς, μόνος οἶδας· ἔχεις γάμον; οἶκος ἄριστος
 ἔσσεται· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῆς ἔτ' ἐλαφρότερος·
 τέκνα πόθος· ἄφροντις ἄπαις βίος· αἱ νεότητες
 ῥωμαλέαι· πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν εὐσεβέες·
 οὐκ ἄρα τῶν δισσῶν ἐνὸς αἵρεσις, ἣ τὸ γενέσθαι
 μηδέποτ' ἢ τὸ θανεῖν· πάντα γὰρ ἐσθλὰ βίῳ.

CXXIII

PIS-ALLER

THEOGNIS

*πάντων μὲν μὴ φῦναι ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἄριστον
 μηδ' ἐσιδεῖν αὐγὰς ὀξέος ἡελίου·
 φύντα δ' ὅπως ὤκιστα πύλας Ἀἴδαο περῆσαι
 καὶ κεῖσθαι πολλήν γῆν ἐπαμνησάμενον.*

NOT to be born or see the sun
 Were best, but Fate decrees my birth.
 May my brief race be swiftly run,
 Then pile upon me heaps of earth.

Be with me now ! Endue my magic arms
 With potency beyond Medea's powers,
 Nor Circe's, nor fair Perimede's charms,
 Be mightier to ban or bless than ours.
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

Lo ! where the barley smoulders in a pile—
 I note thy laughter, handmaiden unkind—
 Nay, toss again the grain, and cry the while :
 " I fling the bones of Delphis to the wind ! "
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

As the green laurel crackles in the fire,
 And flames consume the leaves with eager haste—
 Grant, awful Hecate, my fell desire—
 So may the flesh of faithless Delphis waste.
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

And now, with aid divine, the wax dissolves,
 So may love soften him who was my lover !
 With Aphrodite's help, the wheel revolves,
 So, restless, round my doors may Delphis hover !
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

I burn the husks. Hell's adamantine portal
 Must yield to thee, O Artemis the Blest !
 The dogs bay loud, they honour the Immortal,
 In the crossways the Goddess stands confessed
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

Hushed are the winds, silent the Ocean's swell,
 But peace is banished from my hapless life,
 I long for Delphis, whom I loved too well,
 No maiden, but, alas ! no wedded wife.
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

Three times the words I utter with this prayer,
 On other loves cast a Lethean spell !
 So Ariadne, of the golden hair,
 By Theseus was forgot, as legends tell.
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

In Arcady there grows a subtle weed,
 Coltsfoot its name, the courser's blood it fires,
 May Delphis, mad as an Arcadian steed,
 Rush to my door, inflamed by hot desires.
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

This fringe from off his cloak I hither bring,
 And cast into the cruel flaming bowl.
 Ah ! torturing Love, that like a leech doth cling,
 And drains my heart, but leaves inflamed my soul !
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

Haste, Thestylis, and with this magic herb
 Anoint his house and, bending o'er the stones,
 Mutter these words—may they his soul perturb !
 “ Thus, faithless Delphis, do I smear thy bones.”
My magic wheel, I bid thee move,
Draw home to me the man I love.

And now alone I can bewail my love.
 Ah ! where shall I begin my tale of woe ?
 Anaxo came to bright Selene's grove,
 And in her train she brought a sacred show.
Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came,
My Lady Moon !

My Thracian nurse urged me to watch the sight.
 Alack-a-day ! would that she ne'er had spoke !
 I seized a sweeping stole in hurried flight,
 And o'er it cast Clearista's gala cloak.
Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came,
My Lady Moon !

There I met Delphis in the mid highway,
Fresh issuing from the wrestler's glorious toil,
His breast shone brighter than thy silvery ray,
O Moon ! his beard the ivy bloom did foil.

"Find him alone, with no one by to tell,
 And say : 'By fair Simaetha thou art sought.'"
 'Twas thus I spoke. She did my errand well,
 The bright-limbed Delphis to my house she brought.
Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came,
My Laay Moon !

Then of a sudden I grew cold as snow,
 The sweat, as Delphis at my door I spied,
 Like dank dew streamed from off my pallid brow,
 I would have spoken, but my tongue was tied.
 Nor could I murmur, as a child alone
 Calls on its mother in a fitful dream,
 My body, once so fair, was turned to stone,
 And did as lifeless as an image seem.
Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came,
My Lady Moon !

He knew not love, and spoke with downcast eyes :
 "Thy call by so much did outstrip my pace
 As when, but yesterday, I gained the prize,
 And outran swift Philinus in the race."
Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came,
My Lady Moon !

“Sweet love, by night I should have come to thee,
Bearing the apples of the God of Wine,
And on my head the leaves from off the tree
Of Hercules, bedecked with purple twine.”

"Love scares alike the maiden in her bower,
 And throws his subtle charm o'er many a bride."
 'Twas thus he spoke, I felt the Love-God's power,
 And drew him to the soft couch by my side.
 Then, dear Selene, face met glowing face—
 Why need I linger o'er the tender rites?
 We locked each other in a close embrace,
 And revelled to the full in Love's delights.
 The mother of the girl who plays my lyre
 Came yesterday and shattered love's brief dream,
 What time the Sun-God's horses girt with fire
 Bear rosy-fingered Dawn from Ocean's stream.
 She told her tale ; my heart within me stirred ;
 She said that Delphis drained a cup of wine ;
 She knew not whom he loved, but this averred,
 He pledged a name. Alas ! it was not mine.
 She spoke the cruel truth. He used to speed
 Thrice, four times daily to my willing arms.
 But now, Selene, Goddess fair, give heed !
 Since twelve days is he lured by other charms.
 Am I forgotten ? Now, with magic spell,
 His errant love I strive to conjure home,
 But, should he vex me, to the gates of Hell,
 I vow by all the Fates, he soon shall come.
 That evil potion now will serve my needs,
 Which from a Syrian I did once obtain.

But now farewell ! To Ocean turn thy steeds ;
I have endured and will endure my pain.
Farewell, Selene, ever fair and bright !
And ye, the Stars in Heaven's firmament,

IDYLL III

RUSTIC COURTSHIP

I WANDER on the hillside whilst I sing,
And as in rustic verse my numbers flow,
Lead, Tityrus, the she-goats to the spring,
But 'ware the Libyan goat with butting brow.
Ah ! lovely Amaryllis, thy sweet eye
No longer gleams inviting from the cave.
Am I ill-favoured ? Thou hast seen me nigh,
Or dost thou hate me—I that am thy slave ?
See now, with apples ten thy grace I claim,
And other ten I'll bring to thee to-morrow,
I plucked them at the place thyself did'st name—
Ah ! pity then my heart's despondent sorrow !
Would that I were a humming honey-bee !
Under the clustering ivy I would dip,
Under the flowery fern that hideth thee,
Lightly to settle on thy cherry lip.
I know the Love-God now. The cruel sprite !
He is the offspring of some lioness,

His fire scorches, keenly doth he bite,
 His mother reared him in some dark recess.
 Ah ! Heart of stone, but lovely to the sight !
 Ah ! Maiden of dark brows and beauteous face !
 Even thine empty kisses give delight,
 Then clasp thy goatherd in a close embrace !
 An ivy wreath, dear love, I keep for thee—
 This will I rend, and cast it far away,
 Rosebuds and parsley vie right prettily
 To charm the eye. Ah ! Listen whilst I pray !
 I will tear off my humble coat of skins,
 And leap into the waves of yonder sea,
 Where Olpis from the deep the tunny wins,
 I'll chance my life, so be it pleaseth thee.
 I learnt the truth of old, what time I found
 The flowers whispered forth a sad alarm,
 The poppy petal gave no crackling sound,
 But drooped and withered on my smooth forearm.
 And she that tells the future with a sieve,
 And binds the sheaves as reapers onward move,
 She said that I should love thee whilst I live,
 But thou would'st never render love for love.
 For thee I kept the twin kids and their dam,
 Which brown-skinned Erithacis yearns to own,
 To her I'll give them, maddened as I am,
 Since wantonly my love thou dost disown.

Mine eyelid throbs. Is it a welcome sign
 That for her cruelty she will atone ?
 I'll stay and sing beneath this towering pine—
 That form cannot conceal a heart of stone.
 Hippomenes, who wooed the famous maid,
 Dropped apples as he ran, and won the race,
 To grasp the fruit swift Atalanta stayed,
 And straightway fell into Love's strong embrace.
 So famed Melampus in the days of yore
 From Thessaly the herd of oxen drove,
 What time his kinsman on the sandy shore
 Of Pylos gained fair Pero for his love.
 Thus Cytherea, frenzied by love's sting,
 When fair Adonis drew his parting breath,
 Still to his lifeless body loved to cling,
 And clasped him to her bosom e'en in death.
 Thrice-blest Endymion, on whom the spell
 Was cast, fair maid, of never-ending rest,
 And Jason, whom such wondrous things befell
 As mortals wot not of, he too is blest.
 Mine aching temples throb ; I'll yield my breath,
 Since now I know thou carest not for me,
 And, though the wolves devour me, may my death
 Prove sweet as honey in the mouth to thee.

IDYLL XV
THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS

Dramatis personae . . . { GORGO.
PRAXINOE.

(The scene is at Alexandria, about 280 B.C., during the
reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus.)

- GOR. Is fair Praxinoe in? PRAX. Ah! do mine eyes
Deceive me? Gorgo dear, since we did meet
It is an age! This *is* a glad surprise.
Eunoe, bring a cushion and a seat.
- GOR. I'm happy as I am. PRAX. Nay, sit thee down.
- GOR. Oh! what a thing it is to know no fear!
I scarce got here alive, for in the town
The crowd is really something awful, dear.
Such four-in-hands! Oh no! I really never!
Such hosts of booted men the streets do bar!
And then the road! It seems to last for ever!
Praxinoe, you really live too far.
- PRAX. The fault, dear, with my silly husband lies.
The jealous wretch! Such spite fills all his soul!

To sunder us, to the world's end he hies,
And takes—'tis not a house—this very hole!

GOR. Don't talk of Dinon thus, dear girl. Beware!
Remember he's the father of your boy.
See how Zopyrion marks you with a stare!

PRAX. Heed not! I don't mean papa, mother's joy!

GOR. Persephone! The child knows what we say!
Your darling father! PRAX. Yes, his darling dad,
The other day—we say the other day
For all days that are past—I humbly bade,
As of some rouge and soap I stood in need,
To hasten to the shops and look about.
Away he hurried at his greatest speed,
And straightway brought me salt! The hulking
lout!

GOR. So like my Diocleides! Fleeces five
My spendthrift mate for seven drachmas bought,
And what d'ye think he got? As I'm alive,
Mere dogskins, shreds of pouches, things of
nought!

But don your shawl, and pin it up with care,
The feast of great Adonis will not wait.
I hear the Queen's provided something rare,
Haste to the Palace ere it be too late.

PRAX. Fine folks do all things finely. GOR. Well I know
That, when the feast is o'er, a lot you'll say

To others who were absent. Let us go.

PRAX. For idlers each day is a holiday.
 Eunoe, lazy girl! some water bring.
 Cats love to sleep so soft, the proverb says.
 See how she carries it! The stupid thing!
 But bring it quick. I hate these slattern ways!
 Don't pour so much. Oh! What a dreadful mess!
 No! such a clumsy girl I ne'er did see.
 I've washed my hands, but wetted all my dress.
 Where's the big chest? Bring hither quick the
 key.

GOR. The flowing robe and brooch become you well.
 It's very pretty. How much did it cost?

PRAX. Alas! dear Gorgo, I quite shame to tell—
 Two minas of good coin as good as lost!
 I could not get the stuff itself for less,
 And then the work! It almost made me blind.

GOR. Well really, dear, it is a great success.

PRAX. Thanks for the pretty speech. You're very kind.
 Bring me my shawl. In fashion's latest way
 Arrange my sun-bonnet, and pin it tight.
 No! Baby, you must stay at home. Nay! Nay!
 Boo! Boo! Suppose the gee-gee were to bite!
 There! you may cry, but still at home you stay,
 I cannot have you lamed. We shall be late!
 Here, Phrygia, take the child and let him play,

Call in the dog, and shut the outer gate.

[*They go into the street.*]

Gods ! What a crowd ! How can or dare we pass ?
 Like countless ants, no reckoning can be made
 Of measure or of number. Since, alas !
 Your father, Ptolemy, became a shade,
 You've kept the thieves in order, that I'll say.
 Up to the passer-by they used to crawl,
 Such tricks those scamps of Egypt used to play,
 Birds of a feather, ruffians, scoundrels all !
 Look, Gorgo dear, the chargers of the King !
 You're trampling on me, man ! Take heed, I pray !
 See, the bay's rearing ! What an angry thing !
 Eunoe, silly girl, you're in the way.
 That savage beast will kill his groom, I know.
 I'm glad my blessed child is safe and sound !

GOR. Courage, Praxinoe, it's all right now,
 We're safe, they've all their proper stations found.

PRAX. I'm feeling better now. For, since my birth,
 Horses and flabby snakes I can't abide ;
 I fear them more than anything on earth.
 But see ! the mob advances like a tide !

GOR. (*to an old woman*).

Granny, hast been at Court ? OLD W. The
 truth you speak.

PRAX. We want to reach it. Is there any way ?

OLD W. My pretty pair, Troy fell before the Greek ;
Try hard, and you will always win the day.

GOR. The dame has said her say, nor tarries more.

PRAX. Women know all—how Hera married Zeus.

GOR. But see the monstrous crowd around the door !

PRAX. Prodigious, Gorgo dear ! But what the deuce !

Here, hold my hand, and you, Eunoe, grasp
The hand of Eutyчис and keep a hold.

Now pray don't let me go, but tightly clasp,
Let's keep together, then we shall be bold.

Oh ! Gorgo dear, my veil is rent in twain,
My veil of muslin ! Such a dreadful tear !

For God's sake, sir, if you would fortune gain,
I pray you of my shawl to have a care.

STRANGER. I scarce can help myself ; thy case is mine,
But still I'm taking all the care I can.

PRAX. What a dense mob ! They shove like herded
swine !

STR. Courage, fair maid. PRAX. Oh ! what a good
kind man !

May you be blessed, sir, now and evermore.

Eunoe's squeezed ; keep, silly, to this side.

But come, we're on the right side of the door,
As the young bridegroom whispers to his bride.

GOR. Come, see these broidered marvels ! Dearest, see !
How light and lovely ! Surely work divine !

Athene, Goddess ! Can such marvels be ?
 What lovely work, and what a sweet design !
 Like living things, the figures stand and move,
 And not like woven patterns. Clever Greeks !
 But see Adonis ! Ah, the gentle love !
 Note the soft down upon his pretty cheeks !
 How sweetly o'er his couch he seems to hang !
 Beloved Adonis ! Lovely e'en in death !

STR. You women bore one with your Doric twang,
 Cooing like pouter-pigeons. Spare your breath.

GOR. And who, fine sir, are you, that you should teach
 Us Syracusans how we should behave ?
 Peloponnesian is our native speech.
 Keep your commands for one who is your slave.
 Like famed Bellerophon, we both can claim
 Descent from Corinth, and in vain you'll seek,
 Rude man, a law that casts the slightest shame
 On Dorian women who in Doric speak.

PRAX. One master's quite enough—we want no more.

GOR. Hush ! Hear the Argive woman's tuneful voice !
 For the famed dirge the prize away she bore.
 Our souls with melody will now rejoice.

THE PSALM OF ADONIS

Hail, Aphrodite ! Golden Queen whose home
 Lies in Idalium, and to whom belong
 The fanes of Golgi ; thou who lov'st to roam
 On the steep heights of Eryx ! Hear our song !
 From the dark waters of eternal Hell,
 The Hours, that move along with dainty tread,
 Bring him whom, living, thou did'st love so well,
 Beauteous Adonis rises from the dead.
 Slowest amongst Immortals are the Hours,
 But dear and welcome for the gifts they bear.
 Men say that, by the use of godlike powers,
 O Cypris, daughter of Dione fair !
 Alighting on sweet Berenice's breast,
 Thy potent will did work so mightily
 Grim Death was conquered at thy soft behest,
 And she was crowned with immortality.
 Hence Berenice's child, to yield thee joy,
 Much-worshipped Queen, who many names dost bear !
 Arsinoe, bright as Helena of Troy,
 Honours Adonis and all objects fair.
 From flowery lawns, from many a lofty tree,
 We cull ripe fruits and lay them at thy feet,
 Disposed in silver baskets, whilst for thee

The air with fragrant incense is replete.
 And all the sweetmeats that fair women make,
 Mingling fine flour with blossoms of the spring,
 And dainties that strange forms and figures take,
 And oil and honey sweet we hither bring.
 And here are built for thee the dim alcoves,
 Laden with tender anise, evergreen,
 Whilst, fluttering o'er thy head, like rosy Loves,
 Children, in mirthful jollity, are seen.
 Like half-fledged nightingales they love to perch
 Upon the trees and, twittering as they fly,
 The deep recesses of the thicket search,
 And every bough in quick succession try.
 But see the ebony and shining gold !
 The eagles glistening in ivory white !
 In their strong talons Ganymede they hold,
 And to the son of Cronos wing their flight.
 Oh ! the fine coverlets of purple hue,
 Soft and inviting as seductive sleep !
 No softer wool wears the Miletian ewe,
 Nor e'er was shorn from off the Samian sheep.
 For fair Adonis one soft couch is spread—
 Youthful Adonis of the rosy arms—
 The lovely Cypris on another bed
 Reposes in the gladness of her charms.
 The bridegroom scarce hath reached his nineteenth year,

Still on his lips the golden down doth lie,
Thou lov'st him, Cypris, and he holds thee dear.

Good-night we warble, and away we fly.
But in the morn, when dew lies on the ground,

She seems to know. What a prodigious mind !
Blessed too is she who can so sweetly sing.
My husband waits his dinner. Let us start.
The man's all vinegar—I know him well—
When waiting for his food, he's rather tart.
Grace us next year, Adonis ! Fare thee well !

LOVE THE RUNAWAY

FAIR Cypris seeks her truant boy, and cries :

“ Can no one tell me where the child doth stray ?

Who brings me news shall gain an ample prize—

A kiss for him who's seen my runaway !

But him who brings the child himself, with more

Than a mere kiss I'll gratefully requite.

Easy is he to mark amidst a score

Of other boys. His skin—it is not white,

But glows like fire. Piercing as a dart

And fiery are the glances of his eye ;

Soft is his speech, but wicked is his heart,

His honeyed voice his evil thoughts belie.

When wroth, he's all untamed and full of wile,

His very sports his cruelty do show.

Brazen his front, untruthful, steeped in guile,

Though lovely locks fall clustering o'er his brow.

Feeble his little hands, but they can wield

A dart which reaches to the realms of Dis,

Deftly his artful spirit lies concealed
 Within his body's glistening nakedness.
Fluttering o'er all mankind with bird-like wing,
 He lights, and in their inmost hearts he lies.
His shaft stands ever ready on the string,
 That shaft so tiny reaches to the skies.
A golden quiver on his back he'll bear,
 And bitter arrows—I have felt their smart !
But most of all his tools, the torch beware,
 With which he e'en inflames the Sun-God's heart.
No mercy, when he's caught, should'st thou display,
 But bind the truant tight with many a thong.
Neglect his tears, or he will slip away,
 Despite his laughter, drag the child along.
The kisses from his poisoned lips deceive,
 Fly, stranger, if to kiss thee he desire !
And should he say : ' Take these, my arms receive,'
 Reject those treacherous gifts, baptized with fire."

THE LAMENT FOR BION

WAIL, wail for Bion, every woodland dell !

Ye Dorian waters, raise your joyless song !

Ye verdant groves, repeat the mournful knell,

And flowers, in sadness clustering, join the throng !

Let pale anemones, to show their grief,

And rich-hued roses, flush a deeper red,

Let Hyacinthus, on his pictured leaf,

Enhance his tale of woe to mourn the dead.

Ye nightingales, that midst the leaves lament,

Warble his death to gushing Arethuse.

Bion is dead, and song itself is spent,

Whilst stricken lies the tuneful Dorian Muse.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, your lament.

And ye, Strymonian swans, the tidings bring

To Thracian nymphs and to Oeagrian maids,

Chant with such voice as he was wont to sing,

Say that our Dorian Orpheus joins the shades.

No more his herd will hear him as he trills,

Athene, Goddess ! Can such marvels be ?
 What lovely work, and what a sweet design !
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 And not like woven patterns. Clever Greeks !
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 Note the soft down upon his pretty cheeks !
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 Cooing like pouter-pigeons. Spare your breath.

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 Honours Adonis and all objects fair.
 From flowery lawns, from many a lofty tree,
 We cull ripe fruits and lay them at thy feet,
 Disposed in silver baskets, whilst for thee

The air with fragrant incense is replete.
 And all the sweetmeats that fair women make,
 Mingling fine flour with blossoms of the spring,
 And dainties that strange forms and figures take,
 And oil and honey sweet we hither bring.
 And here are built for thee the dim alcoves,
 Laden with tender anise, evergreen,
 Whilst, fluttering o'er thy head, like rosy Loves,
 Children, in mirthful jollity, are seen.
 Like half-fledged nightingales they love to perch
 Upon the trees and, twittering as they fly,
 The deep recesses of the thicket search,
 And every bough in quick succession try.
 But see the ebony and shining gold !
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 Reposes in the gladness of her charms.
 The bridegroom scarce hath reached his nineteenth year,

Still on his lips the golden down doth lie,
Thou lov'st him, Cypris, and he holds thee dear.

Good-night we warble, and away we fly.
But in the morn, when dew lies on the ground,

At the white beach which spreads along the main,
With locks unkempt and garments loosely bound,

Our voices in shrill song we'll raise again.
Thou only, dear Adonis, mortals tell,

Dost roam on earth and by the Acheron,
To Agamemnon no such lot befell.

Not mighty Ajax, nor the eldest son
Of Hecuba, slain in his manly prime,

Nor Pyrrhus, who was saved, enjoys thy fate,
Nor other heroes of more ancient time,

Nor he who did the race of men create,
Deucalion, nor those who shed their blood

In fighting with the Centaurs ; since the knell
Of death did sound, these ne'er on earth have stood,

But ever bide within the gates of Hell.
Be gracious to us now, Adonis dear,

And keep of future grace an ample store.
We hail thy advent ; in the coming year

We shall await thee and we shall adore.

GOR. Praxinoë ! we did not think to find
A woman half so clever ! Everything

She seems to know. What a prodigious mind !
Blessed too is she who can so sweetly sing.
My husband waits his dinner. Let us start.
The man's all vinegar—I know him well—
When waiting for his food, he's rather tart.
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Ye verdant groves, repeat the mournful knell,
And flowers, in sadness clustering, join the throng !
Let pale anemones, to show their grief,
And rich-hued roses, flush a deeper red,
Let Hyacinthus, on his pictured leaf,
Enhance his tale of woe to mourn the dead.
Ye nightingales, that midst the leaves lament,
Warble his death to gushing Arethuse.
Bion is dead, and song itself is spent,
Whilst stricken lies the tuneful Dorian Muse.
Begin, Sicilian Muses, your lament.

And ye, Strymonian swans, the tidings bring
To Thracian nymphs and to Oeagrian maids,
Chant with such voice as he was wont to sing,
Say that our Dorian Orpheus joins the shades.
No more his herd will hear him as he trills,

They listen for his joyous note in vain,
 Forgetful of his native glades and hills,
 By Pluto's side he chants a sad refrain.
 Dumb are the mountains, and the echoing rocks
 No jocund answer to his carol yield,
 Wandering in aimless grief, his helpless flocks
 Reject the proffered pasture of the field.
Begin, Sicilian Muses, your lament.

Apollo's self, O Bion ! o'er thy bier,
 Bewails thy fate, whilst Fauns in sable dress
 Weep for the minstrelsy they held so dear,
 And Satyrs pine in sorrowful distress.
 The fountain Nymphs, in valley and on fell,
 Weep floods of tears, where once they did rejoice,
 Echo awaits the sound she loved so well,
 And mourns the silence of her mimic voice.
 Trees cast their fruit, flowers no longer thrive,
 The teeming udder yields fair milk no more,
 Since thy sweet song has ceased, within the hive
 Responsive bees neglect their honeyed store.
 Less mourned the dolphin on the billowy deep,
 Less sad a note, O Philomel ! was thine,
 Less Procne grieved when skimming from the steep,
 And less did Halcyon for her mate repine.
Begin, Sicilian Muses, your lament.

Less sadly by the dancing grey sea-wave
 The sea-gull mourned. Less bitter tears were shed
 Over the beauteous son of Morning's grave
 Than o'er our Dorian songster, who is dead.
 The swallow and the sweet-tongued nightingale,
 To whom he taught the secret of his art,
 Bemoan his fate. The doves in answer wail :
 " Alas ! we too are smitten to the heart."
 O thrice-desired Bion ! Who can hold
 The pipe wherewith thou madest melody ?
 What mortal lip shall, all unwisely bold,
 Be pressed to reeds which none might touch but thee ?
 Thy voice still lingers, and thy breath is near,
 Echo still feeds on music that is thine,
 If to great Pan himself the pipe we bear,
 To rival thee he will perchance decline.
Begin, Sicilian Muses, your lament.

Fair Galatea on the beach would stray,
 And feast her ears, whilst wandering by thy side,
 On harmony unlike that savage lay
 With which the Cyclops wooed her as his bride.
 Far other love did the bright maiden crave,
 She gazed on thee, and not upon the brine,
 Grief-stricken, she forgets the curling wave,
 But still she tends thy now deserted kine.

Dead is the Muse ; the Loves, bereft of bliss,
 Hover around thy tomb in fruitless woe.
 Dearer thou wert to Cypris than the kiss
 Which on her dying mate she did bestow.
Begin, Sicilian Muses, your lament.

Meles, most musical of streams, to thee
 A second bitter sorrow Time doth bear,
 That sweetest votary of Calliope,
 Great Homer, thou did'st mourn with many a tear.
 Men say that goodly son thou did'st lament,
 Thy tears were mingled with the salt sea-spray
 Yet now, before one bitter grief is spent,
 With a fresh sorrow thou dost waste away.
 One songster drank from the Pierian Spring,
 The other from the Arethusan fount,
 One of thy daughter, Tyndarus, did sing,
 Achilles' mighty feats did he recount ;
 He told of Menelaus, and of Troy,
 Of deeds of daring, and of war's alarms ;
 In tears and blood the other found no joy,
 He sang of Pan, of herds, and rural charms.
 Pipes would he fashion, and, at his behest,
 The foaming milk gushed free into the bowl ;
 He woke, whilst clasping Love unto his breast,
 Thy passion, Aphrodite, in the soul.
Begin, Sicilian Muses, your lament.

All towns and cities join the mournful cry,
Less sorrowed Ascra over Hesiod's death,
Boeotia's forests heaved a gentler sigh
When mighty Pindar drew his parting breath.
Less was Alcaeus mourned, the tuneful son

But men, the great, the mighty, and the wise,
 Die and descend into the hollow tomb,
 They sleep the sleep from which none e'er can rise,
 And silently endure their endless doom.
 For ever hushed in silence thou dost lie,
 Whilst wayward Nymphs decree in judgment harsh
 That the unenvied frog eternally
 Shall croak discordance from the swampy marsh.
 O Bion ! Thou did'st drain the poisoned bowl,
 Why were thy honeyed lips no antidote ?
 Surely he had no music in his soul
 Who, all unmoved, could hearken to thy note !
 Justice awaits him, but I still must tell
 My tale of sorrow, and my grief unfold.
 Would that I could descend to gloomy Hell,
 As Orpheus and Alcides did of old !
 If to the dwelling of the awful King
 Of that dread region I might haply stray—
 Perchance it is thy lot for him to sing—
 Then would I listen to thy dulcet lay.
 Nay ! Sing again some old Sicilian strain,
 Such as Persephone was wont to hear,
 When, in her girlhood's home by Aetna's main,
 The Dorian music struck upon her ear.
 Not unrewarded will thy music be,
 Bethink thee of what Orpheus did require,

He craved his beauteous bride, Eurydice,
And earned the boon with his melodious lyre.
Thus, sweetest Bion, whom we now bewail,

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